

We know by the breath of the balmy air,
By the springing grass and the sunshine fair—
By the soft rain falling—as if in love—
The sleeping blossoms and buds above—
By the tint of green on the forest brown,
By the fallen tassels of Aspen down,
By the lilac bud and the tufted larch—
That we have done with the wayward March.

We know by the call of the nestling bird,
As she feels her mother impulse stirred,
By the venturing forth of the lonely bee
Like the dove sent out o'er the olden sea,
By the croak of the frog in his willow pond,
By the dove's low moan in the cooing beyond,
By the quivering pulse and the thrilling vein,
That April laughs into life again.

But not the sunshine, the breeze, the showers,
The tender green on the embryo flowers,
The voice of birds, or the quickened sense,
Appeal with such startling eloquence
To the heart that yearns for the summer's reign,
(Wear and earth-reek from winter's chain.)
As that sound which seems through space to ring,
The first low thunder of wakened spring!

O marvel not that the men of old
Deemed its deep music by gods controlled,
And, by the power that within them strove,
Called it the wrath of the mystic Jove—
For we are stirred with an awe profound
By that mysterious and sudden sound—
Nor give we faith to the birds and bloom
Till we hear the fiat of the winter's doom.

So in the Spring of our life's career
We stand and gaze on the opening year,
We feel the sunshine, we drink the breeze,
But no source of feeling is stirred by these;
Not till the voice of the stormy soul
Swells like the sound of the thunder's roll—
Not till the flood gates of sorrow break
In passionate tears—doth our summer wake.

Story-Teller.

THE AUCTION.

SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

It was a tempestuous night, the winds whistled fearfully, and hail stones, whose size threatened to demolish the windows of the houses, rattled against them with determined pertinacity, as if to test their strength. In the parlor of a fine, old-fashioned house besides rather uncomfortable on such a night as this, were seated the family of Mr. Sunderland, consisting of himself, wife, daughter, and a faithful maid servant. A heavy gloom more of sorrow than of anger, rested on each brow, and even excepting that of the maid servant alluded to, from whose eager glances ever and anon cast towards the family group, the close observer would have noted the deep interest taken in the cause of their grief.

The picture was a melancholy one, for virtue in distress has no light shade to relieve it; all around it is dark and sombre. "To-morrow," observed Mr. Sunderland, "is the anniversary of the melancholy death of our dear Henry—to-morrow will be ten years since the vessel in which he sailed was lost, and all on board perished—all, all."

"Alas," exclaimed his wife, as the tears coursed their way down her cheeks, "to-morrow will be a melancholy day."

Indeed it will, for to-morrow this house, which belonged to my father—this furniture which time has made, as it were, a part of ourselves, and associated with many a pleasing event in our lives, is to be sold, but thank Providence, misfortune, not crime, has reduced us to this state of poverty."

"Will they sell everything father, can we secure nothing asked the daughter."

"No! my child, unless with what money a friend has generously loaned me I can secure a few articles. Ellen, my dear, take your pencil and put them down, first, the sideboard, two beds, sofa-chairs and kitchen things. The sideboard, it is true, will be to us now, a superfluous piece of furniture, but it belonged to my mother, and I cannot—will not part with it."

The wife sighed, the father cast his eyes toward the flickering fire, and the daughter was silent. The fate of the piano was decided upon. A melancholy pause in the conversation plainly told how severe was the alternative—for the law never studied the feeling of its victims when exacting the penalty of a bond.

On the morning of the contemplated sale, there was to be seen a crowd of people flocking to the house of Mr. Sunderland. Some out of sheer, heartless curiosity, friends of the family, who came with mockery on their lips—and empty purposes. Others with an intent to purchase, but no one among the crowd showed the least desire to aid, or assist or sympathize with the distress of the family. This is the world; we laugh at the misfortunes of our fellow creatures, and even mock their sufferings, by witnessing in silence their distresses.

The auctioneer was now making his arrangements, by flourishing his hammer, rolling his eyes, and using his tongue—The motley crowd gathered around him. The house was put up first; it was accurately described—free from all encumbrances, and subject to but a very small ground rent. It was started at five thousand dollars. There were several bidders, all of whom seemed anxious to purchase it. Seven thousand five hundred was the last bid, upon which the auctioneer dwelt for a moment. Mr. Sunderland compressed his lips together, and muttered to himself, "It cost my father fifteen thousand dollars." "Seven thousand, five hundred, going—once—twice—three times—for the last time going—eight thousand—thank you sir—going at eight thousand—once—eight thousand—twice—eight thousand—three times—going—gone—what name?"

"Clifford," was the response; and all eyes rested on a tall, noble looking man, who had remained silent during the rapid bidding of the speculators, and who, as the whisper went round, was a total stranger.

"It is gone," whispered Mr. Sunderland to his wife, as he pressed her hands in silent grief. "We have no home now."

"Now, gentlemen," cried the auctioneer "we will sell this sideboard in regard to which I am requested to say that it is an old family piece, and it is the wish of the owner to retain it if possible. I merely mention that it is known to you under what peculiar circumstances the effects are sold." This had the desired effect—no one seemed willing to bid against the unfortunate man, who started it at ten dollars. Twenty was bid by Mr. Clifford; twenty-five from Sunder-

land; fifty from Clifford silenced the anxious bidder, and the family piece of furniture was knocked down to the new owner of the house. A gentleman who stood by, remarked that the act was a cold heartless one. "Was it?" sarcastically asked Clifford, "then sir, why did you not buy it for me?"

Mr. Sunderland was much affected at this little incident. "He little knows how much he has lacerated this heart—I will purchase the piano for my child." He stepped up to Mr. Clifford, and told him the desire he had to purchase the piano for his daughter, and hoped he would not bid against him.

"Sir," said the stranger, "I will not deceive you, as much as I respect your feelings, and the sympathy of the good company, I cannot, nay, will not, alter the determination made when I entered the house."

"And pray, sir, what may that be?" "To purchase everything in it—I'll do it," he said to himself.

"Strange," muttered Mr. Sunderland. The stranger fulfilled his promise, and actually bought every thing.

After the sale was over, and the company had retired, Mr. Clifford requested the auctioneer to walk with him into an adjoining room. After the lapse of a few moments, they both returned to the parlor where the family still remained.

"The auctioneer looked around, gave a knowing smile, wished them all a good day, and as he left the room, was heard to say, 'I never heard of such a thing; a perfect romance, ha! ha! ha!'"

"You are now," observed Mr. Sunderland to Mr. Clifford, "the owner of this house and furniture; they were once mine, let that pass."

"I am, sir, for the time being, your landlord."

"I understand you, sir, but will not long remain your tenant; I was about to observe, that there are two or three articles which I am anxious to purchase, that sideboard, for instance; it is a family relic; I will give you the fifty dollars, the price you paid, and I feel assured, under the circumstances, you will not refuse me this favor."

"I cannot take it, sir."

"Will you not let my father buy my piano, sir?" humbly asked Ellen. "He will give you the price at which it was sold."

"It is painful for me, young lady, to refuse every thing; I will sell nothing."

"Then, Mr. Clifford, we have no further business here; come, my dear—Ellen, get your bonnet—that's your bonnet—let us quit this house; we are not even free from insult. Where is Mary?"

"I am here, sir—the key of my trunk is lost, and I am fastening it with a rope."

Mr. Clifford cast his eyes upon Mary, who at that moment arose from the floor; for a moment they gazed upon each other in silence. "And she, you say, has been to you a friend?"

"Indeed she has, a kind, noble one."

"Mr. Sunderland, stay; one moment, my good girl, put down that trunk; take a seat, Madam; permit me, Miss, to hand you a chair; Mr. Sunderland will you be seated? I have something more to say. When you requested me to yield up the wish to purchase this sideboard, I told you it was my determination to buy it, and I tell you now that I will not sell it."

"This, Mr. Clifford, needs no repetition."

"Aye, but it does, and when that young lady made the same request for her piano, my answer was the same. Stop, sir; hear me out; no man would act so without a motive; no man, particularly a stranger, would court the displeasure from a crowded room, bear up against frowns of many, without an object—Now I had an object, and that object was—be seated, sir—Madam, your attention—that object was to buy this house and furniture for the sole purpose of restoring them to you and yours again. The auctioneer has my instructions to have the matter arranged by to-morrow. In the meantime you are at home. Mr. Sunderland you are in your own house, and I the intruder."

"Intruder, sir! Oh, say not that; I will not tell you a word that I know to be false to me; but I am yet to learn how I am to repay you for all this, and what could have induced you, a total stranger, thus to step forward."

"Remember ten years back," said Clifford; "call to mind a light-haired boy, whom you called—"

"Gracious Heaven—Henry—my boy!"

"Is here—I am your long lost son?"

Need we add more? Our readers can readily imagine that a more cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth, and that Mary, the faithful servant, was not forgotten in the general joy which prevailed on his occasion.—*Irish Citizen.*

In England, three copies of each newspaper printed, signed by the publisher, must be regularly transmitted to the Stamp-Office, which pays full price for them. After the expiration of a year one complete file of every journal is transmitted to the British Museum, when they are bound in volumes, and preserved for reference.

An article upon the first reaping machines says that their history was made by the Gauls, before the time of Julius Cæsar. By the description, it was something like the Italian header, being pushed before the team, and gathering the heads, leaving the straw standing in the field.

There is a field northward of Monrovia, Africa, more than ten miles in extent, entirely covered with pine-apples. They ripen in August and September, and are of flavor superior to any grown in any other country. Pine-apples grow wild in Africa.

A Mr. Pea was lately fined \$10 for whipping his wife and children. Can't a man thrash his own peas without interference from outsiders.

Ellsworth America.

"We Live in Deeds, not Years; in Thoughts, not Breathes."

VOL. IV. NO. 21.

ELLSWORTH ME., FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1858.

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

A Puzzled Yankee.

One very pleasant day in last July, as I was riding from Saint Paul toward Atton I overtook a "character" in the shape of a real live Yankee, who, it appeared, had nothing to recommend him save his own assurance; but of that there was no lack. As we caught each other's glance I nodded slightly, my fresh acquaintance imitating a bow as he jerked out, "Morning, mighty pleasant day, Squire."

"Yes, it's rather pleasant," "Some of a horse, that o' yours," I did not reply, but instead scanned my neighbor's beast closely. His eye detected the scrutiny.

"I guess he'll do, won't he?" "I should judge so," I replied, not a little amused at my fellow-traveler's manners. I presume he belongs to the class.

"And pray, sir, what may that be?" "To purchase everything in it—I'll do it," he said to himself.

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[From the Saturday Evening Post.]

BETTER THAN THEM ALL.

A moderate share of wealth is good
To cheer us on our way,
For it has often times the power
To make December May;
And so to beauty, so to health,
Or genius at our call;
But a happy, careless, loving heart,
Is better than them all.

A heart that gathers hope and faith
From every springing flower,
That smiles alike at winter storm
And gentle summer shower;
That blesses God for every good,
Or whether great or small;
Oh! a happy, hopeful, loving heart,
Is better than them all.

This well to hold the wand of power,
Or wear an honored name,
And hush to hear the mighty world
Re-echo with their fame;
This will if on our path the smiles
Of Kings and Nobles fall;
But to have a happy, trusting heart,
Is better than them all.

A heart that with the magic notes
Of music is beguiled;
A heart that loves the pleasant face
Of every little child;
That sideh weakness in distress,
And hears the duty's call;
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A "Victim" to Tyrannical Laws.

Mr. Robert Russell, who formerly lived in Schoharie county, New York, now resides in the city of Albany. Russell appears to be the victim of unpropitious circumstances. Russell has an unhappy faculty of doing business contrary to law. On Tuesday last Mr. Russell was arrested for the eleventh time since spring set in. We give his examination:

"Well, Russell, said the magistrate, you are here again, I perceive."

"Yes, sir. The fact is, Squire, I'm a victim. Blow me if I care what Bob Russell does, he is sure to violate some law or rather. When I come to Albany, I say to myself, Russell, my boy, we will take a hunt to-morrow and try them fox hounds. Well, sir, out I goes, and what do I find? Before I got to the next corner, Barney Whalen tapped me on the shoulder, and says, 'That's against the law.'—What's agin the law?" I replies, and he says, having dogs in the street without muzzles.—He accordingly arrested me, had me brought to the Police Court. The result of that piece of fun was a fine of five dollars. Well, what do I do then?"

"Well, listen and I'll tell you. I sold the fox hounds to one of 'unt. Put's friends for twenty dollars. With the proceeds I bought a sow and five pigs. I took them home, built a pen in the back yard, and thought all my troubles were at an end, but I was mistaken. Officer Bradwell called upon me the very next morning, and says 'Russell, keeping hogs in the yard is agin the law,' I doubted it. This riled officer Bradwell, who had me arrested agin. This time was fined five dollars."

"Well, what did you do then?"

"I sold my sow and pigs, and bought a horse and cart and undertook to draw wood. The very first load I put on drew the attention of policeman Sicksles, who said that driving a cart without a license was agin the laws.' He arrested me for that offense, which caused me another fine of five dollars."

"Well, what did you do next?"

"I sold the horse and cart and bought the half of a charcoal wagon."

"Well, what success did you meet with after that?"

"The same old luck, sir. The first day I commenced peddling, policeman Shooks took me by the collar and says, 'Russell, that agin the law old fellow.' 'What's agin the law?' I said. He replied selling charcoal in a wooden measure. 'That cost me a fine of three dollars.'"

"Did that drive you out of the charcoal business?"

"Yes, sir. I sold out and thought I would try my fortune in carrying baggage between the steamboat and railroad. What's the use? I only commenced work to-day, and here I am agin."

"What for now?"

"For soliciting baggage without a permit from the Mayor. As I said before, I'm a victim. If I should save a man from drowning by jumping into the whirlpool, dash my wig if I don't believe the first policeman I met in coming ashore would up and say: 'It agin the law, Russell, to go overboard without a license from the coroner.'"

The justice, having heard Mr. Russell to the end, admitted that he was a "victim," and let him off without paying a fine. Russell left the office, saying that he would go and kill himself, if it were not for one thing. "On being asked what that was, he replied, 'that some policeman would discover that it was agin' the law to commit a suicide, and undertake to collect a fine from his 'unfortunate children.'"

Russell's case calls for sympathy.

The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and grain of the corn, but none without their use, none without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of the spirit which they are charged to defend. [Ruskin.]

In the worst of times there is still more cause to complain of an evil heart than of an evil and corrupt world.

For half a century not a boat or ship has passed Mount Vernon, where lies the illustrious dead, without tolling its bell.

Whoever is honest, generous, virtuous and candid, is a gentleman, whether he be learned or unlearned, rich or poor.

Why is a lean dog like a man in meditation? Because he is a *thin-cur*.

Every cloud has a silver lining.

Don't Waste Your Time.

This caption is applicable to all, but more especially to young men; and the incident we are about to relate is one of so forcible a character that we think it will be productive of good.

Two young clerks in a large American and French house were particularly intimate so much so, that although they boarded in different houses, yet they were constantly together during the hours of recreation from business.

One of them had been presented with a little French poodle, and he at once set about instructing it to perform all those little tricks for which the breed is famed.

For some days his companion witnessed his persevering efforts to make "Grotto" bring his handkerchief, catch pennies, stand upon his hind legs, and do many other trifling but amusing tricks.

At length he got tired of being a looker-on at so much waste of time, and whilst his friend was being the tutor of Grotto, he himself would be a pupil to a French teacher, and endeavor to master the French language by the time Grotto's education was completed.

Without saying a word to his friend, he commenced his studies, and being diligent, fast acquired a knowledge of the language; he also improved from hearing a good deal of French spoken in the store, though he carefully avoided uttering a word. At length Grotto Grotto was finished, and had very truly acquired a knowledge of an infinite number of amusing games, and his owner prided himself no little on his acquisitions.

The owner of Grotto was a little the senior in the store of the other, and of course, ranked him in promotion. One morning he came out of the private room of the principal member of the firm, and looking very much downcast, approached his friend.

"Tom," said he, "the firm wants to send one of the clerks this summer to France to buy goods, and they have offered the chance to me providing I could speak French; but as 'Grotto' is about the extent of my French, it's no use for this child. What a fool I was for not studying it when I was a boy!"

"Well," said Tom, "whose chance is next?"

"Why yours, of course. Ha, ha, ha! They will put the question all round, out of politeness; and as none of us can *parley vous*—ha, ha!—why somebody will be engaged, and all of us headed off!"

In the course of the morning, Tom was called before the firm, and in glowing terms were the advantages set forth, if he could speak the language of the country they wished him to go to, Tom listened with delight, and inwardly chuckled at the surprise he would give them.

"Of course," said one of the firm, "you should have the situation if you could only speak French; but as you cannot, we shall have to employ some one else, very sorry; great pity!" &c.

"Well," said Tom, "it can't be helped, and there is no time, I suppose to study now, so I must just do the best I can." Mr. Tontette, shall you and I have a little chat, and perhaps I may pass muster."

Mr. Tontette and Tom entered into an animated conversation, very much to the surprise of all present, which having kept up in double quick time for some fifteen minutes, Mr. Tontette very candidly told his partners that Tom was fully competent for the place.

Tom was a great favorite, and the firm were heartily glad that he was capable of holding the situation; and he was instructed to prepare himself for departure by the next steamer, with the privilege of peeping into the World's Fair.

Tom now returned to his friend, who met him with a right good Ha, ha, ha! "Well, Tom, you are told this time. My French has been approved of, and I am done here; I sail in the next steamer."

"You don't say so? But, Tom, when did you learn French?"

"When you were teaching Grotto."

A new light flashed across the vision of Grotto's master. "What," said he, whilst he was fooling over that dog, were you studying?"

"Just so; and you know with what success our time has been rewarded. By the judicious disposal of time, one young man is on the high road to mercantile fame and fortune; whilst by throwing away time, another equal in abilities, is doomed to drudgery and clerkship perhaps all his days."

The late Dudley A. Tyng.

The sudden death of Rev. Dudley A. Tyng of Philadelphia, has called out from one portion of the country to the other, and from the religious and secular press of all denominations, a universal feeling of sorrow, and a full and hearty expression of approbation, and the most flattering allusions to his character and his career. He was a representative man, and wherever he spoke gave utterance to the convictions of his understanding and the feelings of his heart. His bold and manly and eloquent testimony against the sin of slaveholding—against the pad-lock which it sought to fasten upon the lip, and the besetting drug it labored to administer to the conscience, and the blight it flung upon freedom. For thus standing up for truth and the right, his memory has been honored, and this fact furnishes proof, as is well and forcibly remarked by the Independent, that a man who has the moral courage to take a bold stand, and to make a noble testimony for the truth's sake, will command the admiration even of those who fall under his condemnation and rebuke.

We have not seen an unkind allusion, South or North, in connection with a notice of his death. Yet very many newspapers, which quote his last words, are very careful to leave out of view the crowning glory of his life, which was, his character as an out spoken minister of the Gospel, and his fearlessness in preaching against the great national sin of the country. When he said on his death-bed, 'Stand up for Jesus,' he meant 'Stand up for freedom'—'Stand up for Christ as represented in the oppressed and down-trodden.' As Dr. Cheever said in his recent memorial discourse, 'Dudley Tyng, in these words, left an inheritance for Christ, but some of his friends are trying to break the will.' Mr. Tyng became conspicuous before the nation, because he told them of their sins, and commanded them in the name of Christ to repent. It was for this that he was received wherever he went with such enthusiastic applause. It was for this that when he was turned out of one church that refused to hear the Gospel, the people rallied round him and formed another. It was for this that his name and his last words, linked together, will go down to posterity, as a perpetual heritage to the future church on earth—and when religious newspapers eulogize his character, leaving out his courage, and commend his fidelity to the truth, leaving out the truth to which he was faithful, they are guilty of the same sin of omission as that for which Mr. Everett stands convicted before the world, in making rhetorical displays of Washington's love of freedom, and remembering to forget that Washington emancipated his slaves. It is the old offence of the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet omitted.

A comely face hath Nature, but no heart, None—were you sad? she smiles. Is your grief past, And gladness comes? Her skies are overcast. In your cheerful mood she hath no part. Praise her—your cheerful words will ne'er impart A flush the mere to her full blossoming. Flout her, and she will offer you no less, Flowers, fruitage, and the influence of her art, Die, she will send her merriest birds to sing Outside your window, and upon your brow Sheds showers of sunbeams, in bright overflow; Go down into your grave—no cloud will fling Its shade, in sorrow that your tale is told; She is a comely mother, but stone-cold.

Short Speech of Mr. Washburn.

During the discussion of the Naval Appropriation Bill, in the House of Representatives, weeks before last, Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr. of Maine, delivered the following short, pithy and pointed speech, closing with a very keen and clever retort upon the "Premier," Mr. John Glancy Jones of Pennsylvania:

Mr. Chairman, I move to substitute the word "four" for "five," in the two hundred and twentieth line, and to strike out the words "three hundred," in the two hundred and twenty-first line. I move this amendment for the purpose of enabling me to ask a question of the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. I wish to inquire what he and the Administration, whose organ upon this floor he is, proposed to do with these five new steam-ships, when they shall have been constructed? Does not he know how nearly impossible it now is, and for a long time has been, to fill the crews of our ships of war already afloat, and in other respects prepared for service? and is he ignorant of the fact, that the party to which he belongs has procured the passage of a bill in the other branch of the Legislature, and which is now on the table of the Speaker of this House, calculated, if not intended, to destroy our chief source of supply of native seamen? Sir, it is a fact, well known and indisputable, that more than two thirds of the men who compose the crews of our Navy are foreigners, and that not less than three-fourths of the shore and sea-going merchant marine are also of foreign birth; and even with this resource it is with the greatest difficulty, and only after the most injurious delays and embarrassments, in many cases, for these branches of the country, can be supplied with adequate crews. I speak, not against foreigners, but of the difficulty of procuring seamen. Add to the number of vessels in the Navy, and this difficulty will be increased and the disproportion between the number of foreign seamen enlarged. I think I may say with entire safety that a majority of our native sailors commenced going to sea as fishermen. There are hundreds of bays, rivers, and creeks on the coast of New England whose banks are populated by a hardy, vigorous, and enterprising race of men, who employ a few months every year on fishing cruises; and from their ranks large numbers go annually into the merchant and naval service of the country. Repeat the fishing bounty, as you propose to do, and you strike every fishing smack from the ocean at a single blow; for nothing is better established than the fact, that, with preservation of our power, and in the direct line of reciprocity treaty, the fishing business cannot be sustained for a week without the bounty.

I am an advocate for bounties of this kind, when they look only to fostering a branch of industry for its own sake, and when by them you can secure strength to an important arm of the national defense, and accomplish a great national object, not otherwise to be accomplished. I hold it to be within the scope of our power, and in the direct line of wisdom and duty, to grant them. In this case, your ability to man the ships of war you already possess, to say nothing of those you contemplate building, depends upon the preservation of our fishing fleet. Yet you are prepared to destroy them at the same time that you call for more ships. To build ships when you have not sailors to make up their crews, would be as wise as to build barns where there are no harvests, school-houses where there are no scholars, churches where there are no people, to buy lamps when you have no oil. Before we spend millions of dollars in constructing sloops and frigates, I think it would be wise to learn whether our only school for sailors is to be broken up. It may be policy of the Administration to provide for these vast expenditures without knowing or inquiring whether they can be any service to the country; it may desire authority to make contracts, involving the outlay of millions, as a basis of reserves and contributions, to be used for the purpose of increasing its power and prolonging its existence. But that such a use of the people's money by the Administration will be approved by the country, when it is seen to be the tendency of a

